

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1837. Number 15.

POETRY.
THE TIMES.—BY COCKNEY BOB.
Oh! times are weary 'and indeed,
They can't be not no longer;
My pockets I can't binterlard,
And empty his my larder;
The banks won't discount, so they vomit,
It's a very bad behaving;
They've all turned into barber shops,
And a razor a cove by shaving.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
MAY & YOUNG,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, Maumee City.
NATHAN RATHBUN,
Justice of the Peace.
HUBERT CONANT,
Justice of the Peace.
W. V. WAY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Perryburg.
J. L. STEPHENSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Perryburg.
JUSTUS DWIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon, Maumee City.
WM. KINGSBURY,
Insurance Office, Maumee City.
HUNT & CONVERSE,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street, Maumee City.
S. A. & J. H. SARGENT,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street, Maumee City.
WHITE & KIRTLAND,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street, Maumee City.
FOURSYTH & HAZARD,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street, Maumee City.
J. B. BINGHAM,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street, Maumee City.
ELISHA HARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries and Crockery,
Front street.
S. A. & J. H. SARGENT,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Water
street, Maumee City.
O. WILLIAMS,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c.,
No. 10 Erie street, Maumee City.
B. D. COFFIN,
Clothing &c., Erie street, Maumee City.
ACKER & KANADY,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing &c.,
Maumee City.
IRA WHITE,
Dry Goods, Books &c., Canal street, Maumee City.
SMITH & CROWELL,
Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries, Detroit
street, Maumee City.
COBB, JAMES & CO.,
Dry Goods, Groceries &c., Detroit street,
Maumee City.
J. EUREY & CO.,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware &c.,
Maumee City.
J. H. FORTYTH,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware &c.,
Maumee City.
GEORGE POWERS,
Dealer in Hardware and Domestic Goods,
Louisiana Avenue, Perryburg.
G. C. NOBLE, proprietor of
Groceries & Provisions, Detroit at Maumee city
A. G. WILLIAMS,
Groceries and Provisions, Maumee City.
R. HASTINGS,
Groceries and Provisions, Maumee City.
J. A. CAREY,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints,
Oils &c., Front street.
BOWMAN & GANNETT,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware
&c., Front street.
GASE & MEACHAM,
Tailors, corner of Erie and Canal streets,
Maumee City.
ALLEN & GIBSON,
Groceries and Provisions, Front street.
J. WOODRUFF,
Painter and Glazier, Detroit at Maumee City.
G. D. WOODRUFF,
Tin and Sheet Iron Worker, Perryburg.
JEFFERSON HOUSE,
H. Steele, Proprietor, Maumee City.
WASHINGTON HOUSE,
J. W. Converse, Canal street.
CENTRAL HOUSE,
Allen Gibson, Erie at Maumee City.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.
[By Mrs. Ann S. Storer.]
The morning dawned on the unfortunate Hale's confinement just as he had committed to paper and secured the information he had ventured his life to obtain. He knew that he gazed on the blessed sunlight for the last time forever. He felt that in a few hours, a portion of the beautiful earth, now spread out so gloriously, would be lying a cold mass on his bosom. He knew this, and his heart cramped like a deceased thing within him. He thought of his parents in their bereaved loneliness, of his betrothed, in her broken-hearted grief, and again expanded with sorrowing tenderness. He was as brave a man as ever confronted death, still he felt that it was a fearful thing to yield up life in its young hopes to enter into the unknown boundless eternity, with a few hours' preparation. He asked for the company of a clergyman, but none came; for a bible, but none was procured. He knelt down in his last prayer, and the outpourings of his soul were broken in upon by those who came to conduct him to the gallows tree. He went forth to his execution, not seeking man's applause on the very brink of eternity, by a false bravado against nature, rushing with his proud soul cased in pride, up to the very presence of the Most High, over-coming nature's just fear, and challenging after ages to admire the boldness with which his ambitious soul could pass to the awful face of Jehovah. There was no such presumption in Hale's death. With a full and solemn sense of the awful event, he went to meet his fate as a Christian—a soldier. His soul was bowed in humility to God, and his last words were, "Oh, that I had more lives to offer up to my country."

It was a splendid scene, the dinner table of the English commander. From his own land of luxury had he imported the massive plate and delicate china that covered it, loaded profusely with viands. British gold had purchased the tory farmer's cutlery, goblets sparkled with wine, like "molten rubies or liquid amber," and brimmed to the lips of the gay young officers, who in their glittering uniforms surrounded by song and wine, revelling on the brink of intoxication. Loud rose their voices of merriment in gleeful chorus, when a servant entered with information that a female had arrived at their camp with a flag of truce, and demanded an interview with Gen. Howe.

A haughty smile curled the Englishman's lip as he addressed an aid-de-camp. "What trick is this, think you?" The rebels must be in extremities, indeed, when they send us a woman instead of ambassadors. The aid-de-camp answered his general's smile, and demanded of the servant if the lady were young or old? "Young, sir," asked a dozen voices at once. "Rather pale, you honors." "Young and interesting; our gallant is besmiling itself," exclaimed some of the voices, "general, pray admit her."

Howe, rising from the table, and ordering the servant to admit the visitor immediately. Most of the young officers were on their feet, and all eyes were turned to the entrance as Sarah Easton advanced—her deep mourning rendered her pale features almost ghastly, and her crape veil thrown back so as to display her white forehead and eyes, touchingly sweet in their expression, even while resting on the form of him who made her heart desolate. Not a word was spoken by the group that surrounded the dinner table; the merry smile was quenched on the warm lips of each gay individual as he looked on the young American who stood before them in the beautiful majesty of her grief. Howe advanced with stately politeness to receive her, but she shrunk from his approach, and with steady dignity requested the body of Nathan Hale for Christian burial.

Howe was evidently surprised at the nature of the petition, but courteously answered that it could not be granted, Capt. Hale having already been buried three days. "Yet surely he might be disinterred," persisted she, eagerly stepping forward—then seeing denial in his look, she added beseechingly, "you will not refuse his old parents a last look on the face of their son; if you are a father you cannot be so cruelly deaf to humanity. Are you the sister or the wife of the deceased, that you thus urgently ask for his remains?"

"Neither, oh neither," replied the tortured girl, pressing her hands over her eyes to hide the burst of tears the question had unlocked. A young officer pitying her distress, handed her a chair. She sat down, and was endeavoring to check the untimely tears, when another advanced, a thing of laced scarlet and huge epaulettes, and touching the tip of her white neck with his insolent finger, demanded, "if she were neither the wife nor the sister of the handsome spy, what else could she be, unless it were a sweetheart?" The blood flushed into the marble cheek of the insulted girl, like a sudden sunset—but without answering him, she turned to Gen. Howe and said—"I expected at least to be secure, but I find myself mistaken; I request an answer to my request and liberty to withdraw."

Howe cast on the young impetuous a look of stern anger; then turning to Sarah he said with smooth suavity of manner so common to the unfeeling man of the world, and difficult to contend against, so artfully does it charm away opposition, "Young lady, I regret that it is not in my power to grant your request. The remains you seek have been disposed of according to law in such cases, and must not be disturbed. I should be extremely happy to gratify you, but in this, as I have said, it is entirely out of my power. Sarah was about to speak again, but with a bow of dismissal he requested the young officer who had handed her, the chair to conduct her to the boat in which she came. Sarah shrunk from the offered arm of her conductor, though much her trembling limbs needed support, and walked silently to the shore; but just as she was stepping into the boat he drew close to her side and whispered—"Be in that little cove yonder at midnight, and I will help you to the possession of the body you are so desirous to obtain." Sarah with a stifled cry of joy seized his hand. "And will you indeed help me? God bless you!"

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NAVAL REMINISCENCE.
An anecdote, relating to the capture of the Guerriere, has lately gone the rounds of the papers, which is stated to have been from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence, and superior skill, of the gallant American commander. The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular, although we have often heard it related with some additions and slight variations, by a person who was on board the Constitution when the occurrence took place. His version was as follows:—The Guerriere was lying to. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under three topsails; every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest—when the Guerriere commenced the action at longshot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes, a forty-two pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieut. Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the commodore—and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very desirous to engage the enemy. "Mr. Morris," was the commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, keep so; but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word."
In a few minutes Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement. "Mr. Morris," reiterated the commodore, "intently gazing on the English frigate, 'are you ready for action on the gun-deck?'"

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The same moon that witnessed the parting of Hale and his betrothed, now shown upon her as she sat by the side of his old father, in the boat, that lay upon her oars in the cove, rocking to the swell of the rising tide, and drifting by degrees towards the shore. The watchers were anxiously looking for the appearance of the generous Englishman, within hearing of the sentinel stationed near the grave. His heavy, measured tread, and the sound of some voices came from where he was standing. There was silence for a few moments. A crackling in the brush-wood that skirted the cove, and then the young officer stood on the beach within a few paces of them.

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"Restrain yourself," he said; "we shall be observed; sail out of the sight of the dam, and at midnight come as I have directed to the cove—the grave is near by, you can see the tree, he hesitated, but too late, Sarah's eyes had fallen on that fatal old oak, standing bleak and alone, spreading its huge branches against the sky, like congregated arms of giant executioners. A remnant of a rope dangled from one of its gnarled limbs. Sarah gave one long, piercing look, and her heart seemed, for a moment in the clutch of a culture; then with a shuddering grasp of horror she sprang into the boat and shut out the fearful sight with her locked hands.

The same moon that witnessed the parting of Hale and his betrothed, now shown upon her as she sat by the side of his old father, in the boat, that lay upon her oars in the cove, rocking to the swell of the rising tide, and drifting by degrees towards the shore. The watchers were anxiously looking for the appearance of the generous Englishman, within hearing of the sentinel stationed near the grave. His heavy, measured tread, and the sound of some voices came from where he was standing. There was silence for a few moments. A crackling in the brush-wood that skirted the cove, and then the young officer stood on the beach within a few paces of them.

"Quick, pull on shore"—he called out in a suppressed voice—"I have got rid of the sentinel for half an hour, quick, or we shall not have time." Two or three strokes of the oar brought the boat to his feet. The old man arose, the very picture of stern grief, the moonlight displaying the still lineaments of his pale face as he grasped with both of his the large white hand extended to assist him on shore. The boatman followed and Sarah was left alone. It was a fearful hour to the poor girl, with the waves moaning like unquiet spirits about her, and the dreadful sound of shovelling earth and muffled voices coming from the distance. She dared not look after the three as they went towards the grave, for her heart sickened at the thought of again looking on the gallows-tree with its horrid appendage. A suspension of sounds caused Sarah to raise her face from the folds of her shawl where she had buried it; no living being was in sight. But the black shadow of that bloody oak had crept along the waters like a vast pall endowed with vitality, till its extremity lay upon the edge of the boat, and was insidiously moving towards her. With a cry of terror, and shuddering all over as if the unearthly dew of another world was upon her, the poor girl snatched an oar and shoved the boat out into the moonlight. Again she looked up, and the three who had disinterred the dead appeared, bearing him over the bright grass wrapped in a cloak of the Englishman; the feet supported by the generous officer, and the gray hairs of the father streaming over the bosom of his lifeless son. Noiseless they came to the shore. There the old man left his burthen in the arms of the officer while he took his seat in the boat; and then his quivering arms were extended, and the body of Nathan Hale, shrouded in its military winding sheet, was laid across the lap of his father, while his head rested on the chill bosom of his betrothed wife. They went out upon the waters the living and the dead, when Old Hale raised his grey head and spoke to the young girl. "Sarah, in our mourning for the dead we must not forget the duty we owe our country. Let us search for the papers we are to carry to Washington." Then with his old quivering hands he unfolded the cloak and found the papers containing the information purchased at so great a sacrifice, secured in the vest in taking them out of the bosom the corpse was laid bare. The moonlight poured full upon its broad white front; and there, just over the pulseless heart, Sarah with a cry of agony saw the long bright ringlet of her own hair.

—if I could fight longer I would with pleasure—but I must—surrender—myself—a prisoner of war."

GULLIBILITY OF THE YANKEES.—An instance in point was related to us last summer in Providence, but one of a thousand of daily occurrence in our country. Among the passengers in the N. Y. boat one day, was a gentleman and lady, who attracted much attention, from their assuming and ostentatious exterior. They were looked at the city hotel as titled gentry from London. The goodly town of Providence was soon in an uproar. It announced that a Marquis had arrived, and each stranger at the Hotel, was compelled successively to pass through the closest scrutinizing ordeal. The ladies too, were all eager to gaze at him, and the telegraph could not spread the little details concerning them so early as did the kind sisterhood. The Marquis in the meanwhile gave the fashionable rabble and the vulgar herd, an opportunity to observe the airs a dignitary of his cast, had a right to assume. Every thing betrayed the supposed superiority of a Marquis over other men. His step was loftier, his gait more proud, his look more supercilious, his tones more commanding, and his external evinced simon-pure gentility. Well the Marquis and his lady soon became the toast of the town. The Faculty of the College, and the most fashionable of the citizens exchanged cards with the Marquis, and his blushing bride was daily seen under the escort of some of the gentlemen of the town.

Things went on thus swimming for a while, when he chanced one day to be standing at the hotel door, "the observed of all the observers," at the moment a mail coach drove up. The Marquis was seen suddenly to change color and abruptly leave the gay circle which surrounded him—"Where is that man?" ejaculated a stentorian voice, as a catiff sprang from the coach, and followed in pursuit of the individual. Search was made, and neither the Marquis or his lady were to be found. They both had suddenly evacuated the premises. For a long while this was the standing joke to hit of the gullibility of "the good society," folks in Providence. It turned out in the sequel that the Marquis was an accomplished and fashionable villain, a real Paul Clifford, who had slipped through the fingers of the Police in New Orleans, and his fascinating lady from the representation of the sheriff, was little else than a woman of the town. The beaux who had been so gallant, dropped their heads and looked angry when the subject was mentioned and the ladies who had hung so devotedly about the footsteps of the Marquis pouted their pretty lips, and their sweet faces were suffused to the very eye-balls with indignation. Since that day, not a single Duke, Count, Lord or Marquis, has deigned to step his foot into that city of Providence. —N. H. Cour.

MOSQUITOES.—"We have not got much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through I hope," inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more I guess," was the reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or this cheek, or his forehead.

"Thank Heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, the heat was killing; "we shall after that escape in some sort, from these legions of mosquitoes."

"I guess not quite," replied the man, "they are as thick, if not thicker in Long Swamp."

"The Long Swamp!" I repeated "what a horrible name for a country! Does the canal run through it?"

"Not so very far only about eighty miles."

"We have then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?" I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

"Why yes there is not a heap more swamps, that is to say not close to the line till we come within about forty miles of Utica."

BLACK FLY.—Sow a bushel of dry ashes to the acre on your turnip field, as well as all other vegetables of the same class, while the dew is on (or are moist) when they are two or three days old, and it will preserve them against the small black fly; should there come rain to wash it off immediately, repeat it; the ashes are also highly beneficial to promote the growth of the young plant. Oftentimes the black fly will take every vestige of the fields, and lead a person who did not see his field during the first few days, to believe the field bad, and attribute the evil to that cause.